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Battle of Chickamauga—Report of General J. C. Breckinridge.

HEADQUARTERS BRECKINRIDGE'S DIVISION.

D. H. HILL'S CORPS, October, 1863.

Lieutenant-Colonel ARCHER ANDERSON, *A. A. General, Hill's Corps*:

Colonel—I have the honor to report the operations of my division in the battle of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September last.

It was composed of the Second, Fourth, Sixth and Ninth Kentucky and Fourth Alabama regiments, with Cobb's battery, under the command of Brigadier-General B. H. Helm; the Thirteenth, Twentieth, Sixteenth, Twenty-fifth and Nineteenth Louisiana, Thirty-second Alabama and Austin's battalion sharpshooters, with Slocumb's battery (Fifth Washington artillery), under the command of Brigadier-General Daniel Adams; the First, Third and Fourth Florida, Forty-seventh Georgia and Sixtieth North Carolina regiments, with Mebane's battery, under the command of Brigadier-General M. A. Stovall.

My effective strength was of enlisted men three thousand three

hundred and ninety-five; total, three thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine.

At daylight of the 18th my command moved from Catlett's gap and that neighborhood in the Pigeon mountain, and the same afternoon took position on the east bank of the Chickamauga near Glass' mill, and composed the extreme left of the infantry of the army. I immediately threw the Second Kentucky across the ford to skirmish with the enemy and reveal his position—the Sixth Kentucky being placed in close supporting distance at the mill. Adams' brigade was sent by order of Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill to a ford a mile and a half above, where the enemy, as the cavalry reported, threatened to cross. It was so late when these dispositions were made that nothing satisfactory was developed that night.

On the morning of the 19th, Slocomb, with four guns, Cobb, with two, and the remainder of Helm's brigade were moved across Glass' ford to ascertain the position of the enemy, while the two rifled pieces of Slocomb's battery, under Lieutenant Vaught, took position on a bluff upon the east side of the stream. An artillery engagement ensued, much to our advantage, until the enemy, who occupied the better position, brought forward a number of heavy guns and showed the greater weight of metal. While the engagement was progressing I received an order from Lieutenant-General Hill to withdraw my command if it could be done without too great peril, and take position about three miles south of Lee and Gordon's mill, on the road leading from Chattanooga to Lafayette, and so as to cover the approach to that road from Glass' mill and the ford above, leaving a regiment and section of artillery to observe those crossings.

The movement was made in good order—Colonel Dilworth, with the First and Third (consolidated) Florida and a section of Cobb's battery being left in observation. Our casualties, which fell upon Slocomb, Cobb and Helm, were twenty-two killed and wounded. The loss of the enemy in killed alone, as shown by an examination of the ground after the 20th, was nearly equal to the sum of our casualties. Although the enemy was in considerable strength at the fords above referred to, the result showed that it was a covering force to columns passing down the valley to unite with the centre and left of his army.

Soon after taking up the new position I was ordered to relieve Brigadier-General Patton Anderson's division, which was facing the

enemy opposite Lee and Gordon's mill. The troops marched rapidly, yet it was late in the afternoon before this movement was completed. The division was hardly in position when I received an order from the General commanding the army to move to the right, cross the Chickamauga at a point farther down, and occupy a position to be indicated. The division crossed at Alexander's bridge, and arriving between 10 and 11 o'clock at night at a field about a mile and half in the rear of the right of our line of battle, bivouacked there by order of Lieutenant-General Polk. Remaining some time at Lieutenant-General Polk's camp-fire, I left there two hours before daylight (the 20th) to place my command in position. During the night General Polk informed me that I was to prolong the line of battle upon the right of Major-General Cleburne. Conducted by Major ———, of his staff, and Lieutenant Reid, Aid-de-Camp to General Hill, my division reached Cleburne's right a little after daybreak. Upon the readjustment of his line, I formed on his right, and became the extreme right of the general line of battle. Helm was on the left of my line, Stovall in the centre and Adams on the right—the last extending across a country road leading from Reid's bridge and striking the Chattanooga road at a place called Glenn's farm. The country was wooded, with small openings, and the ground unknown to me. Our skirmishers, a few hundred yards in advance, confronted those of the enemy. Our line was supposed to be parallel with the Chattanooga road.

Soon after sunrise I received a note from Lieutenant-General Polk directing me to advance, and about the same time Major-General Cleburne, who happened to be with me, received one of the same tenor. Lieutenant-General Hill having arrived, the notes were placed in his hands. By his order the movement was delayed for the troops to get their rations, and on other accounts.

Dilworth, who had been relieved by a cavalry force late the preceding evening and who had marched all night, now arrived and took his place in line. At 9½ A. M., by order of Lieutenant-General Hill, I moved my division forward in search of the enemy. At a distance of seven hundred yards we came upon him in force, and the battle was opened by Helm's brigade with great fury.

The Second and Ninth Kentucky, with three companies of the Forty-first Alabama regiment, encountered the left of a line of breastworks before reaching the Chattanooga road, and though assailing them with great courage, were compelled to pause. From some cause, the line of my left had not advanced simultaneously

with my division, and in consequence from the form of the enemy's works these brave troops were at first, in addition to the fire in front, subjected to a severe enfilading fire from the left. The rest of Helm's brigade, in whose front there were no works, after a short but sharp engagement, routed a line of the enemy, pursued it across the Chattanooga road, and captured a section of artillery posted in the centre of the road. This portion of the brigade was now brought under a heavy front and enfilading fire, and being separated from its left and without support, I ordered Colonel Joseph H. Lewis, of the Sixth Kentucky, who succeeded to the command upon the fall of General Helm, to withdraw the troops some two hundred yards to the rear, reunite the brigade, and change his front slightly to meet the new order of things, by throwing forward his right and retiring his left. The movement was made without panic or confusion.

This was one of the bloodiest encounters of the day. Here General Helm, ever ready for action and endeared to his command by his many virtues, received a mortal wound while in the heroic discharge of his duty. Colonel Hewitt, of the Second Kentucky, was killed, acting gallantly at the head of his regiment. Captains Madered, Rogers and Dedman, of the Second; Captain Daniel, of the Ninth Kentucky, and many other officers and men, met their deaths before the enemy's works, while Colonel Nuckols, of the Fourth Kentucky; Colonel Caldwell, of the Ninth, and many more officers and men, were wounded.

In the meantime, Adams and Stovall advanced steadily, driving back two lines of skirmishers. Stovall halted at the Chattanooga road. Adams, after dispersing a regiment and capturing a battery, crossed at Glenn's farm and halted a short distance beyond in an open field.

When Helm's brigade was checked, and I had given Colonel Lewis orders in reference to his new position, I rode to the commands of Adams and Stovall on the right. It was now evident, from the comparatively slight resistance they had encountered and the fact that they were not threatened in front, that our line extended beyond the enemy's left. I at once ordered these brigades to change front perpendicularly to the original line of battle, and with the left of Adams and the right of Stovall resting on the Chattanooga road, to advance upon the flank of the enemy. Slocomb's battery, which had previously done good service, was posted on favorable ground on the west of the road to support the movement.

The brigades advanced in fine order over a field and entered the woods beyond. Stovall soon encountered the extreme left of the enemy's works, which, retiring from the general north and south directions of his entrenchments, extended westwardly nearly to the Chattanooga road. After a severe and well contested conflict, he was checked and forced to retire. Adams, on the west of the road, met two lines of the enemy, who had improved the short time to bring reinforcements and reform nearly at a right angle to the troops in his main line of works.

The first line was routed, but it was found impossible to break the second, aided as it was by artillery, and after a sanguinary contest, which reflected high honor on the brigade, it was forced back in some confusion. Here General Adams, who is as remarkable for his judgment on the field as for his courage, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy.

Lieutenant-Colonel Turner, of the Nineteenth Louisiana, was wounded, and the gallant Major Butler, of the same regiment, was killed.

Stovall had gained a point beyond the angle of the enemy's main line of works. Adams had advanced still farther, being actually in rear of his entrenchments. A good supporting line of my division at this moment would probably have produced decisive results. As it was, the engagement on our right had inflicted heavy losses and compelled him to weaken other parts of the line to hold his vital point. Adams' brigade reformed behind Slocomb's battery, which repulsed the enemy by a rapid and well directed fire, rendering on this occasion important and distinguished service.

By order of Lieutenant-General Hill, my division was withdrawn a short distance to recruit, while the troops of Major-General Walker engaged the enemy. My new line was about six hundred yards in advance of the position on which I formed first in the morning, with a slight change of direction, which brought my right relatively nearer the Chattanooga road. Soon after taking this position an attack was reported on our right flank. It proved to be Granger's corps coming up from Rossville and threatening our right with a part of his force.

At the request of Brigadier-General Forrest, I sent him a section of Cobb's battery, under the command of Lieutenant Gracie, who assisted handsomely in repulsing the enemy.

At the request of the brigade commanders, the artillery of the division had been ordered to report to the brigades with which

they were accustomed to serve. Cobb's battery, from the nature of the ground, could not participate to its accustomed extent; yet, as opportunity offered, it displayed its accustomed gallantry. The excellent battery of Captain Mebane, for the same reason, was able to take little part in the action.

The afternoon was waning and the enemy still obstinately confronted us in his entrenchments.

I received permission from Lieutenant-General Hill to make another charge. A line of troops on my right and covering a part of my front advanced at the same time. A portion of these troops obliqued to the right and my line passed through the rest, who seemed to be out of ammunition; so that after moving a few hundred yards the enemy alone was in my front. The division advanced with intrepidity under a severe fire and dashed over the left of the entrenchments. In passing them I saw on my left the right of Major-General Cleburne, whose brave division stormed the centre.

Several hundred of the enemy ran through our lines to the rear, the rest were pursued several hundred yards and beyond the Chattanooga road; of these some were killed, and a good many taken prisoners, but most of them escaped through the darkness. It was now night; pursuit was stopped by order of Lieutenant-General Hill, and throwing out pickets, I bivouacked in line near the road.

The prisoners taken by my command, of whom there was a considerable number, were allowed to go to the rear, since details could not be spared for them, and it was known they would be gathered up there.

The division captured nine pieces of artillery. I am aware that it is usually the whole army, not a part of it, that takes guns from the enemy, and that often the troops who obtain possession of them owe their good fortune quite as much to fire from the right and left as to their own efforts. Yet I think it due to my command that in regard to six at least of these guns such considerations do not apply, and that they were taken without assistance from any other troops.

My total casualties, as shown by official reports, twelve hundred and forty, of which number one hundred and sixty-six (166) were killed, nine hundred and nine (909) wounded, and one hundred and sixty-five (165) missing.

To Brigadier-General Stovall, to Colonel Lewis, who succeeded to the command of Helm's brigade, and to Colonel R. L. Gibson, who

succeeded to the command of Adams' brigade, the country is indebted for the courage and skill with which they discharged their arduous duties.

The officers and men of the division, with exceptions so rare as to place in striking contrast to them the general good conduct, sustained their former reputation, and were alike worthy of each other.

To the gentlemen of my staff I feel sincere gratitude for the prompt, fearless and cheerful manner in which they discharged their duties.

Major Wilson, Assistant Adjutant-General; Colonel Von Zinken, Assistant Inspector-General, who had two horses shot under him; Captain Mastin, Assistant Inspector-General, who received a contusion from a grape shot; Lieutenant Breckinridge, Aid-de-Camp, whose horse was shot; Captain Semple, Ordnance Officer; Lieutenant Berties, Twentieth Louisiana, Assistant Inspector-General; Dr. Heustis, Chief Surgeon; Dr. Kratz, on duty in the field, and Messrs McGehee, Coleman, Mitchell and Clay, volunteers on my staff, performed their duties in a manner to command my confidence and regard.

One member of my staff I cannot thank. Major R. E. Graves, Chief of Artillery, received a mortal wound in the action of Sunday the 20th. Although a very young man he had won eminence in arms, and gave promise of the highest distinction. A truer friend, a purer patriot, a better soldier never lived.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. C. BRECKINRIDGE, *Major-General, P. A. C. S.*

Endorsement of Report.

In speaking of the final attack, on the afternoon of the 20th, General Breckinridge employs a phrase in a different sense from its ordinary meaning. He says: "I received permission from Lieutenant-General Hill to make another charge." The facts in the case are simply these: About 3½ P. M., or it may be a little later, I ordered another Major-General, not of my corps, but who had been sent to report to me, to make the attack, telling him that Breckinridge's men, after their repulse, were scarcely in a condition to make another charge. He replied: "My division was sent by General Polk as a support to General Breckinridge, and under my orders I can do nothing more than support him." I then returned to

General Breckinridge, told him of this conversation, and asked him if his troops were ready to renew the attack. He answered, "Yes, I think they are." I then added: "Well, then, move promptly and strike hard." The division responded to the order with a cheer, moved off in most beautiful style and made a most glorious charge.

D. H. HILL, *Lieutenant-General.*

Engagement at Sappony Church—Report of General Wade Hampton.

HEADQUARTERS HAMPTON'S DIVISION,
CAVALRY CORPS, A. N. V.,
July 10th, 1864.

To Lieutenant-Colonel TAYLOR, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Colonel—On the morning of 27th June the General-Commanding ordered me to move my command from Drewry's farm to Stony creek, in order to intercept Wilson, who was returning from Staunton river bridge to rejoin Grant's army. In obedience to these orders, I moved rapidly in the direction indicated with my division—Chambliss' brigade having been sent forward the evening previous. At 12 M. the next day I reached Stony Creek depot, where I found Chambliss. From this point scouts were sent out to find the position of the enemy and to ascertain what route he was pursuing. At 12.30 P. M. I wrote the General-Commanding, suggesting that a force of infantry and artillery be placed at Reams' station, as the enemy would have to cross the railroad there—Jarratt's or Hicksford. The scouts having reported what road the enemy were marching on, I notified General Lee of their position, and informed him that I should attack them at Sappony church, asking him at the same time to place the infantry at Reams' station and to order Major-General Fitz. Lee to take position near there. These dispositions were made by the General-Commanding, and in the meantime my command was put in motion. Chambliss, who was ahead, was ordered to push on to the church and to charge the enemy as soon as he met him. Soon after crossing Sappony creek the enemy was encountered, and he was gallantly charged by the Ninth Virginia and driven back beyond the church. Here he occupied a strong position with dis-

mounted men, and he succeeded in checking the charge. General Chambliss dismounted his men and took up a line near the church, when in a few moments he was heavily attacked. I brought up a part of the Seventh Virginia to reinforce him, and the attack was repulsed along the whole line. Young's brigade, under Colonel Wright, was then dismounted and put into position—the enemy in the meantime using his artillery and small arms rapidly. Soon after my line was established, Lieutenant-Colonel Crawley, commanding the Holcombe legion (infantry), brought 200 men of his command to join me, and he was placed in the centre of the line. With these troops the line, which was not a strong one, was held steadily all night, the enemy constantly making demonstrations and attacks upon it, but without the least impression. The fire of their artillery becoming very hot, I directed Major Chew to place two guns—all I had—under Captain Graham, where they could respond. These guns were well served and rendered me great assistance. The position of the enemy—who had two lines of works—was so strong that I could not attack it in front, so at daylight I threw portions of Butler's and Rosser's brigades on the left flank of the enemy. At the same moment Chambliss advanced the whole of the front line, and in a few moments we were in possession of both lines of works, and the enemy were in full retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground. They were followed closely for two miles, when, finding they had taken the route to Reams' station, I moved by Stony Creek depot, in order to get on the Halifax road to intercept them, should they attempt to cross below Reams'. Butler's brigade was sent to Malone's crossing, two miles south of Reams' station, and the other brigades were ordered to occupy the roads leading into the Halifax road. I moved up with Chambliss' brigade, following Butler, and soon after crossing Rowanty creek we met an advance of the enemy who had struck the Halifax road between Butler and Chambliss. These were charged and scattered, when another party were reported coming into the same road at Perkins' house. I took a portion of the Thirteenth Virginia, and meeting them, drove them back, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phillips pushed on, getting possession of the bridge over the Rowanty. Finding that a portion of the force which had crossed the creek had taken a road leading east, I sent Colonel Beale with two or three squadrons in pursuit. He followed them for four miles, capturing a large number and scattering the rest. The force of the enemy was entirely broken and the frag-

ments were seeking safety in flight in all directions. They scattered through the woods, and night coming on the pursuit had to cease. Knowing that a portion of the enemy were retreating towards the Nottoway river on the Stage road, I brought my command to Stony Creek depot, which was the most central point, to let the men who had been fighting all the night previous obtain some rest, and that I might be where I could best intercept the party which was retreating west and south of me. My command was ordered to be ready to move at daylight, and I anxiously waited for some information which would indicate the point at which the enemy would attempt to cross the Nottoway river. I had not heard one word of the result of the fight at Reams' station, nor did I know the position of Major-General Lee or of the enemy. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of June I received a note directed to the "Commanding officer Stony Creek depot," from General Fitz. Lee, saying that he was "still pursuing the enemy, capturing prisoners," &c., and that he was five miles from Nottoway river on the Hicksford road. The note went on say that General Lee thought "the enemy after crossing the river will try to cross the railroad at Jarratt's depot," and he wished "all the available force sent to that point to intercept their march until he gets up." I immediately moved my command in the direction of Jarratt's depot, but when I got within five miles of that place some of my scouts, who had been sent on, reported that the enemy had passed there at daylight. I then advanced to intercept them on the road leading to Peter's bridge, but though I made a rapid march, I found on striking the road that the rear of their column had passed two hours previously. Had there been proper concert of action between the forces at Reams' and my own, there would have been no difficulty in cutting off the party which escaped by Jarratt's. In the fight at Sappony church and during the following days, the enemy lost quite heavily in killed and wounded. We captured 806 prisoners, together with 127 negroes—slaves. My own loss was two killed, eighteen wounded and two missing. The reports from General Chambliss and Colonel Crawley have not been sent to me. I regret to announce that the latter was severely wounded, and I beg to express my sense of the valuable services rendered to me by this officer and his command. General Chambliss, by his gallantry, his zeal and his knowledge of the country, contributed largely to the success we gained. The officers and men of my own division behaved to my entire satisfaction, and the

members of my staff gave me every assistance possible. Captain Graham, who had a section of his battery with me, did good service, and he was well supported by his command. The pursuit of the enemy, which ended near Peters' bridge, closed the active operations which commenced on the 8th June, when the movement against Sheridan began. During that time, a period of twenty three days, the command had no rest, was badly supplied with rations and forage, marched upwards of 400 miles, fought the greater portion of six days and one entire night, captured upwards of 2,000 prisoners, many guns, small arms, wagons, horses and other material of war, and was completely successful in defeating two of the most formidable and well organized expeditions of the enemy. This was accomplished at a cost in my division of 719 killed, wounded and missing, including twenty-one casualties in Chew's battalion not mentioned in my previous report. The men have borne their privations with perfect cheerfulness; they have fought admirably, and I wish to express, before closing my reports, not only my thanks to them for their good conduct, but my pride at having had the honor to command them.

I am, very respectfully, yours,

WADE HAMPTON, *Major-General.*

General Bragg's Proclamation on Entering Kentucky.

The following should go on the record and be preserved with the "material for the future historian":

HEADQUARTERS OF DEPARTMENT NO. 2,
GLASGOW, KY., September 18, 1862.

Kentuckians—I have entered your State with the Confederate Army of the West, and offer you an opportunity to free yourselves from the tyranny of a despotic ruler. We come, not as conquerors or as despoilers, but to restore to you the liberties of which you have been deprived by a cruel and relentless foe. We come to guarantee to all the sanctity of their homes and altars; to punish with a rod of iron the despoilers of your peace, and to avenge the cowardly insults to your women. With all non-combatants the past shall be forgotten. I shall enforce a rigid discipline, and shall protect all in their persons and property. Needful supplies must be had for my army, but they shall be paid for at fair and remunerating prices.

Believing that the heart of Kentucky is with us in our great struggle for constitutional freedom, we have transferred from our own soil to yours, not a band of marauders, but a powerful and well-disciplined army. Your gallant Buckner leads the van. Marshall is on the right, while Breckinridge, dear to us as to you, is advancing with Kentucky's valiant sons to receive the honor and applause due to their heroism. The strong hands which, in part, have sent Shiloh down to history, and the nerved arms which have kept at bay from our own homes the boastful army of the enemy, are here to assist, to sustain, to liberate you. Will you remain indifferent to our call, or will you not rather vindicate the fair fame of your once free and envied State? We believe that you will, and that the memory of your gallant dead who fell at Shiloh, their faces turned homeward, will rouse you to a manly effort for yourselves and posterity.

Kentuckians: We have come with joyous hopes. Let us not depart in sorrow, as we shall if we find you wedded in your choice to your present lot. If you prefer Federal rule show it by your frowns, and we shall return whence we came. If you choose rather to come within the folds of our brotherhood, then cheer us with the smiles of your women and lend your willing hands to secure you in your heritage of liberty.

Women of Kentucky: Your persecutions and heroic bearing have reached our ear. Banish henceforth, forever, from your minds the fear of loathsome prisons or insulting visitations. Let your enthusiasm have free rein. Buckle on the armor of your kindred, your husbands, sons and brothers, and scoff with shame him who would prove recreant in his duty to you, his country and his God.

BRAXTON BRAGG, *General-Commanding.*

Battle of Monocacy—Report of General John B. Gordon.

[It was eclipsed at the time by other stirring events, but there was scarcely a more gallant fight made during the war than that in which, after a march of fourteen miles that morning, General Early defeated General Lew Wallace at Monocacy. Our readers will be glad to see the report of the battle given by Major-General John B. Gordon, who bore the brunt of the battle with his accustomed skill and gallantry.]

HEADQUARTERS GORDON'S DIVISION,
July 22d, 1864.

Major J. STODDARD JOHNSTON,

Assistant Adjutant-General, Breckinridge's Corps :

Major—In accordance with orders from corps headquarters I have the honor to submit the following report.

About 2½ P. M., 9th of July, I was ordered by Major-General Breckinridge, commanding corps, to move my division to the right and cross the Monocacy about one mile below the bridge and ford (on the Georgetown pike), which were then held by the enemy. On reaching the river I directed my brigade commanders to cross as rapidly as possible and then to file to the left in the direction of the enemy's line, and I rode to the front in order to reconnoitre the enemy's position. I found that Brigadier-General McCausland's cavalry brigade (dismounted) had been driven back by superior numbers, and that the enemy was posted along the line of a fence, on the crest of the ridge running obliquely to the left from the river. In his front lay an open field, which was commanded by his artillery and small arms to the extent of their range, while in his rear ran a valley nearly parallel with the general direction of his line of battle. In this valley I discovered, from a wooded eminence in front of his left, another line of battle in support of the first. Both these lines were in advance of the Georgetown road. The enemy's line of skirmishers covered the front of his first line and stretched far beyond it to the left. Having been ordered to attack this force, I had the division skirmishers (under Captain Keller, of Evans' brigade) deployed, and directed one brigade (Evans'), under the protection of a dense woodland about seven hundred yards in front of the enemy's left, to move by the right flank and form so as to overlap the enemy's left. The two brigades (Hays' and Stafford's), united under the command of Brigadier-General York, were ordered to form on the left of Brigadier-General Evans, and Terry's brigade to move in support of the left of

my line. These dispositions having been made, I ordered the command to advance *en echelon* by brigades from the right. The troops emerged from the woods seven hundred yards in front of the enemy's left, under heavy fire from infantry and artillery, and had advanced but a short distance when, on account of the wounding of one brigade commander (Evans), to whom explicit instructions had been given as to the movement of his (the leading) brigade, and the killing of several regimental commanders, and the difficulty of advancing in line through a field covered with wheat-shocks and intersected by fences, the perfect alignment of this brigade was necessarily to some extent broken. However, this temporary confusion did not retard its advance, which, as I had anticipated, forced the enemy to change his front under fire. At this point the Louisiana brigades, under the command of Brigadier-General York, became engaged, and the two brigades (Evans' and York's) moved forward with much spirit, driving back the enemy's first line in confusion upon his second. After a brief halt at the fence from which this first line had been driven, I ordered a charge on the second line, which was equally successful. At this point I discovered a third line, which overlapped both my flanks and which was posted still more strongly in the deep cuts along the Georgetown road and behind the crest of the hill near the Monocacy bridge, and at once ordered Brigadier-General Terry, who as yet had not been engaged, to attack vigorously that portion of the enemy's line nearest the river, and from which my troops were receiving a severe flank fire. This brigade advanced with great spirit and in excellent order, driving the enemy from his position on a portion of the line. He still held most stubbornly his strong position in front of the other two brigades and upon my right. He also advanced at the same time two fresh lines of troops to retake the position from which he had been driven by Terry's brigade. These were repulsed with heavy loss and in great confusion. Having suffered severe loss in driving back two lines, either of which I believed equal in length to my command, and having discovered the third line longer than either of the others, and protected by the cuts in the road, and in order to avoid the great loss it would require to drive the enemy from his position by a direct front attack, I dispatched two staff officers in succession to ask for a brigade to use upon the enemy's flank. Ascertaining, however, that a considerable length of time must elapse before these could reach me, I at once ordered Brigadier-General Terry to change

front with his brigade to the right and attack the enemy's right. This movement, promptly executed, with a simultaneous attack from the front, resulted in the dislodging of this line and the complete rout of the enemy's forces.

This battle, though short, was severe. I desire, in this connection, to state a fact of which I was an eye witness, and which, for its rare occurrence and the evidence it affords of the sanguinary character of this struggle, I consider worthy of official mention. One portion of the enemy's second line extended along a branch, from which he was driven, leaving many dead and wounded in the water and upon its banks. This position was in turn occupied by a portion of Evans' brigade in the attack on the enemy's third line. So profuse was the flow of blood from the killed and wounded of both these forces that it reddened the stream for more than a hundred yards below.

It has not been my fortune to witness on any battlefield a more commendable spirit and courage than was exhibited on this by both officers and men. To my brigade commanders for their good example and prompt execution of orders, I am especially indebted. They rode in the midst of their troops under the severest fire, and exhibited that cool courage so essential in an officer on the field. There are many other officers of lower grade who well deserve particular mention; among them I desire to call attention to the admirable conduct of Colonel Peck, Ninth Louisiana, commanding Hays' brigade; Colonel Atkinson, commanding Evans' brigade; Colonels Funk and Dungan, commanding the remnants of the "Stonewall" and Jones' brigades, of Terry's command.

I regret to state that my loss was heavy in both officers and men, amounting in the aggregate, as shown by tabular report of brigade commanders, to 698. Among the killed are Colonel J. H. Lamar and Lieutenant-Colonel Van Valkenburg, both of the Sixty-first Georgia regiment, of Evans' brigade, and both meritorious officers. Colonel Lamar, a most promising young officer, was shot from his horse at the head of his regiment. Several other regimental commanders of this brigade were wounded—some, it is feared, mortally. Lieutenant Colonel Hodges, Ninth Louisiana regiment, Hays' brigade, an officer of rare merit, was severely wounded and left at hospital in Frederick City.

I cannot too highly commend the conduct on the field of the members of my staff—Major R. W. Hunter and Captains V. Dabney and L. Powell. The prompt, fearless and intelligent manner with which

they bore my orders to every portion of the field met my hearty approbation. Lieutenant S. Wilmer, my signal officer, had been previously wounded, during the skirmishing in front of Maryland Heights, bearing under severe fire an order from me. Major Moore, my inspector, rendered efficient service in his department. My senior surgeon, Dr. J. H. Stevens, labored assiduously during the afternoon and night in caring for the many wounded.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. GORDON, *Major-General.*

Detailed Minutia of Soldier Life.

By Private CARLTON MCCARTHY.

PAPER NO. 6—"Brave Survivors" Homeward Bound.

[This is the last of a series of papers which have been widely read and complimented for their vivid pictures of the life of the private soldier.]

Bitter grief for the past, which seemed to be forever lost, and present humiliation could not long suppress the anxious thought and question, "What now?" The discussion of the question brought relief from the horrid feeling of vacuity, which oppressed the soldier, and introduced him to the new sensations of liberty of choice, freedom of action—full responsibility. For capital he had a clear conscience, a brave heart, health, strength, and a good record. With these he sought his home.

Early in the morning of Wednesday the 12th of April, without the stirring drum or the bugle call of old, the camp awoke to the new life. Whether or not they had a country these soldiers did not know. Home to many, when they reached it, was graves and ashes. At any rate there must be, somewhere on earth, a better place than a muddy, smoky camp in a piece of scrubby pines—better company than gloomy, hungry comrades and inquisitive enemies, and something in the future more exciting, if not more hopeful, than nothing to eat, nowhere to sleep, nothing to do and nowhere to go. The disposition to start was apparent, and the preparations were promptly begun.

To roll up the old blanket and oilcloth, gather up the haversack, canteen, axe, perhaps, and a few trifles, in time of peace of no value,

eat the fragments that remained and light a pipe, was the work of a few moments. This slight employment, coupled with pleasant anticipations of the unknown, and therefore possibly enjoyable future, served to restore somewhat the usual light-hearted manner of soldiers and relieve the final farewells of much of their sadness. There was even a smack of hope and cheerfulness as the little groups sallied out into the world to combat they scarcely knew what. As we cannot follow all these groups, we will join ourselves to one and see them home.

Two "brothers-in-arms," whose objective point is Richmond, take the road on foot. They have nothing to eat and no money. They are bound for their home in a city, which, when they last heard from it, was in flames. What they will see when they arrive there they cannot imagine; but the instinctive love of home urges them. They walk on steadily and rapidly and are not diverted by surroundings. It does not even occur to them that their situation, surrounded on all sides by armed enemies and walking a road crowded with them, is at all novel. They are suddenly roused to a sense of their situation by a sharp—"Halt! show your parole!" They had struck the cordon of picket posts which surrounded the surrendered army. It was the first exercise of authority by the Federal army. A sergeant, accompanied by a couple of muskets, stepped into the road, with a modest air examined the paroles and said quietly, "Pass on."

The strictly military part of the operation being over, the social commenced. As the two "survivors" moved on they were followed by numerous remarks, such as "Hello! Johnny, I say! going home?" "Ain't you glad!" They made no reply, these wayfarers, but they *thought* some very *emphatic remarks*.

From this point "on to Richmond!" was the grand thought. Steady work it was. The road, strangely enough considering the proximity of two armies, was quite lonesome, and not an incident of interest occurred during the day. Darkness found the two comrades still pushing on.

Some time after dark a light was seen a short distance ahead and there was a "sound of revelry." On approaching, the light was found to proceed from a large fire, built on the floor of an old and dilapidated outhouse, and surrounded by a ragged, hungry, singing and jolly crowd of paroled prisoners of the Army of Northern Virginia, who had gotten possession of a quantity of corn meal and were waiting for the ashcakes then in the ashes. Being liberal,

they offered the new comers some of their bread. Being hungry, they accepted and eat their first meal that day. Here seemed a good place to spend the night, but the party in possession were so noisy and finally so quarrelsome and disagreeable generally, that the "survivors," after a short rest, pushed on in the darkness, determined, if possible, to find some shelter more quiet. The result was a night march, which was continued till the morning dawned.

Thursday morning they entered the village of Buckingham Courthouse, and traded a small pocket-mirror for a substantial breakfast. There was quite a crowd of soldiers gathered around a cellar door, trying to persuade an ex-Confederate A. A. A. Commissary of Subsistence that he might as well, in view of the fact that the army had surrendered, let them have some of his stores; and after considerable persuasion, and some threats, he forego the hope of keeping them for himself and told the men to help themselves. They—did so.

The people of the village did not exactly doubt the *fact* of the surrender, but evidently thought matters had been *somewhat exaggerated*, facts suppressed and everything allowed to fall into a very doubtful condition. Confederate money would not pass, however; *that* was settled *beyond doubt*.

As the two tramps were about to leave the village and were hurrying along the high road which led through it, they saw a solitary horseman approaching from their rear. It was easy to recognize at once General Lee. He rode slowly, calmly along. As he passed an old tavern on the roadside some ladies and children waved their handkerchiefs, smiled and wept. The General raised his eyes to the porch on which they stood, and slowly raising his hand to his hat, raised it slightly and as slowly again dropped his hand to his side. The "survivors" did not weep, but they had strange sensations. They passed on, steering, so to speak, for Cartersville and the ferry.

Before leaving the village it was the sad duty of the survivors to stop at the humble abode of Mrs. P., and tell her of the death of her husband, who fell mortally wounded, pierced by a musket ball near Sailor's creek. She was also told that a comrade who was by his side when he fell, but who was not able to stay with him, would come along soon and give her the particulars. That comrade came and repeated the story. In a few days the dead man reached home alive and scarcely hurt. He was originally an infantryman, recently transferred to artillery, and therefore wore a small knapsack as infantrymen did. The ball struck the knapsack with a "whack!" and knocked the man down. That was all.

Some time during the night the travelers reached the ferry at Cartersville. Darkness and silence prevailed there. Loud and continued shouts brought no ferryman, and eager searchings revealed no boat. The depth of the water being a thing unknown and not easily found out, it was obviously prudent to camp for the night.

On the river's edge there was an old building, which seemed a brick one—one wall near the water's edge. A flight of steep, rough steps led to an open door on the second floor. Up these steps climbed the weary men. Inside there was absolute darkness, but the floor was dry and there was shelter from the wind. Feeling about on the floor they satisfied themselves of its cleanliness and dryness. The faithful old blankets were once more spread, their owners laid down and at once fell into a deep sleep which was not broken till morning. The room was surprisingly small. When the soldiers entered they had no idea of the size of it, and went to sleep with the impression that it was very large. The morning revealed its dimensions—about ten by twelve feet. The ferryman was early at his post and put the travelers across cheerfully without charge.

Soon after crossing, a good silver-plated tablespoon, bearing the monogram of one of the travelers, purchased from an aged colored woman a large chunk of ashcake and about half a gallon of buttermilk. This old darkey had lived in Richmond in her younger days. She spoke of grown men and women there as "children whar I raised." "Lord! boss, does you know Miss Sadie? Well, I nussed her and I nussed all uv them chillun; that I did, sah! Yawl chillun does look hawngry, that you does. Well, you's weloome to them vittles, and I'm powful glad to git dis spoon! God bless you, honey!" A big log on the roadside furnished a seat for the comfortable consumption of the before-mentioned ashcake and milk. The feast was hardly begun when the tramp of a horse's hoofs were heard. Looking up, the survivors saw with surprise General Lee approaching. He was entirely alone, and rode slowly along. Unconscious that any one saw him, he was yet erect, dignified and apparently as calm and peaceful as the fields and woods around him. Having caught sight of the occupants of the log, he kept his eyes fixed on them, and as he passed, turned slightly, saluted and said, in the most gentle manner: "Good morning, gentlemen; taking your breakfast?" The soldiers had only time to rise, salute and say: "Yes, sir!" and he was gone.

Having finished as far as they were able the abundant meal furnished by the liberality of the good "old mammy," the travelers resume their journey greatly refreshed.

It seems that General Lee pursued the road which the "survivors" chose, and starting later than they, overtook them, he being mounted and they on foot. At any rate it was their good fortune to see him three times on the road from Appomattox to Richmond. The incidents introducing General Lee are peculiarly interesting, and while the writer is in doubt as to the *day* on which the next and last incident occurred, the reader may rest assured of the truthfulness of the narration as to what occurred and what was said and done.

After the feast of bread and milk, the no longer hungry men pressed on. About the time when men who have eaten a hearty breakfast become again hungry—as good fortune would have it happen—they reached a house pleasantly situated and a comfortable place withal. Approaching the house they were met by an exceedingly kind, energetic and hospitable woman. She promptly asked: "You are not deserters?" "No," said the soldiers, "we have our paroles; we are from Richmond; we are homeward bound, and called to ask if you could spare us a dinner?" "Spare you a dinner? Certainly I can. My husband is a miller; his mill is right across the road there, down the hill, and I have been cooking all day for the poor, starving men. Take a seat on the porch there and I will get you something to eat." By the time the travelers were seated, this admirable woman was in the kitchen at work. The "pat-a-pat, pat; pat, pat, pat-a-pat-a-pat" of the sifter, and the cracking and "fizzing" of the fat bacon as it fried, saluted their hungry ears, and the delicious smell tickled their olfactory nerves most delightfully. Sitting thus, entertained by delightful sounds, breathing the fragrant air and wrapped in meditation—or anticipation rather, the soldiers saw the dust rise in the air and heard the sound of an approaching party.

Several horsemen rode up to the road-gate, threw their bridles over the posts or tied to the overhanging boughs and dismounted. They were evidently officers, well dressed fine looking men, and about to enter the gate. Almost at once the men on the porch recognized General Lee and his son. They were accompanied by other officers. An ambulance had arrived at the gate also. Without delay they entered and approached the house, General Lee preceding the others. Satisfied that it was the General's in-

tention to enter the house, the two "brave survivors" instinctively and respectfully, venerating the approaching man, determined to give him and his companions the porch. As they were executing a rather rapid and undignified flank movement to gain the right and rear of the house, the voice of General Lee overhauled them thus: "Where are you men going?" "This lady has offered to give us a dinner, and we are waiting for it," replied the soldiers. "Well you had better move on now—this gentleman will have quite a large party on him to-day," said the General. The soldiers touched their caps, said "Yes, sir," and retired, somewhat hurt, to a strong position on a hen-coop in the rear of the house. The party then settled on the porch.

The General had of course no authority, and the surrender of the porch was purely respectful. Knowing this the soldiers were at first hurt, but a moment's reflection satisfied them that the General was right. He no doubt had suspicions of plunder, and these were increased by the movement of the men to the rear as he approached. He *misinterpreted their conduct*.

The lady of the house (*a reward for her name!*) hearing the dialogue in the yard, pushed her head through the crack of the kitchen door, and as she tossed a lump of dough from hand to hand and gazed eagerly out, addressed the soldiers: "Ain't that old General Lee?" "Yes, General Lee and his son and other officers come to dine with you," they replied. "Well," she said, "he ain't no better than the men that fought for him, and I don't reckon he is as hungry; so you just come in here. I am going to give you yours first and then I'll get something for him!"

What a meal it was. Seated at the kitchen-table, the large hearted woman bustling about and talking away, the ravenous tramps attacked a pile of Old Virginia hoe cake and corn-dodger, a frying pan with an inch of gravy and slices of bacon, streak of lean and streak of fat, very numerous. To finish—as much rich buttermilk as the drinkers could contain. With many heartfelt thanks the survivors bid farewell to this immortal woman, and leaving the General and his party in quiet possession of the front porch, pursued their way.

Night found the "survivors" at the gate of a quite handsome, framed, country residence. The weather was threatening, and it was desirable to have shelter as well as rest. Entering and knocking at the door they were met by a servant girl. She was sent to her mistress with a request for permission to sleep on her premises.

The servant returned, saying: "Mistis say she's a widder, and there ain't no gentleman in the house, and she can't let you come in." She was sent with a second message, which informed the lady that the visitors were from Richmond, members of a certain company from there, and would be content with permission to sleep on the porch, in the stable or in the barn. They would protect her property, &c., &c., &c.

This message brought the lady of the house to the door. She said: "If you are members of the ———, you must know my nephew; he was in that company." Of course they knew him. "Old chum," "comrade," "particular friend," "splendid fellow," "hope he was well when you heard from him; glad to meet you, madam!" These and similar hearty expressions brought the longed for "come in, gentlemen, you are welcome. I will see that supper is prepared for you at once." (Invitation accepted.)

The old haversacks were deposited in a corner under the steps and their owners conducted down stairs to a spacious dining-room, quite prettily furnished. A large table occupied the centre of the room, and at one side there was a handsome display of silver in a glass-front case. A good, big fire lighted the room. The lady sat quietly working at some woman's work, and from time to time questioning, in a *rather suspicious* manner, her guests. Their correct answers satisfied her and their respectful manner reassured her, so that by the time supper was brought in she was chatting and laughing with her "defenders."

The supper came in steaming hot. It was abundant, well prepared and served elegantly. Splendid coffee, hot biscuit, luscious butter, fried ham, eggs—fresh milk! The writer could not expect to be believed if he should tell the quantity eaten at that meal. The good lady of the house enjoyed the sight. She relished every mouthful, and no doubt realized then and there the blessing which is conferred on hospitality and the truth of that saying of old: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

The wayfarers were finally shown to a neat little chamber. The bed was soft and glistening white. Too white and clean to be soiled by the occupancy of two Confederate soldiers who had not had a change of underclothing for many weeks. They looked at it, felt of it, spread their old blankets on the neat carpet and slept there till near the break of day.

While it was yet dark the travelers, unwilling to lose time waiting for breakfast, crept out of the house, leaving their thanks for

their kind hostess, and pressed rapidly on to Manikin Town, on the James River and Kanawha canal, half a day's march from Richmond, where they arrived while it was yet early morning. The green sward between the canal and river was inviting and the survivors laid there awhile to rest and determine whether or not they would push on to the city. They decided to do so as soon as they could find a breakfast to fit them for the day's march.

A short walk placed them at the yard gate of a house prominent by reason of its size and finish. Everything indicated comfort, plenty and freedom from the ravages of war. The proprietor, a well fed, hearty man of not more than forty-two or three, who, as a soldier could tell at a glance, had never seen a day's service, stood behind the tall gate, and without a motion towards opening it replied to the cheery "good morning, sir!" of the soldiers with a sullen "morn—what do you want here?" "We are from Richmond, sir, members of the — — — —. We are on our way home from Appomattox, where the army was surrendered, and called to ask if you could spare us something to eat before we start on the day's march." "Oh! yes! *I* know about the surrender! *I* do. Some scoundrels were here last night and stole my best mare—d— em! No, I don't want any more of such cattle here," replied the patriot. (A large reward for *his* name). The foragers, having worked for a meal before and being less sensitive than "penniless gentlemen" sometimes are, replied: "*We* are not horse thieves or beggars. If you do not feel that it would be a pleasure and a privilege to feed us, *don't do it!* We don't propose to press the matter."

At last he said: "Come in, then; I'll see what I can do." The seekers after food accepted the ungracious invitation, followed the dog through his yard and into his house and took seats at his table. At a signal from the master a servant went out. The host followed and, it is supposed, instructed her. The host returned and was soon followed by the servant bearing two plates, which were placed before the "survivors." Alas! that they should "survive" to see the plates contained the heads, tails, fins and vertibræ of the fish, fresh from the river, which the family of this hero and sufferer from the evils of war had devoured at their early and no doubt cosy breakfast.

"Survivor" No. 1 looked at "Survivor" No. 2, Survivor No. 2 looked at "Survivor" No. 1, and simultaneously they rose to their feet, glanced at the "host" and strode to and out of the door. The "host" followed amazed. "What's the matter, gentlemen? You did

not eat!" The "poor soldiers" replied: "No, we didn't eat; we are not dogs. Permit us to say we are satisfied it would be an injustice to the canine race to call *you* one; you deserve to lose another mare; you are meaner than the language at our command will express."

The man fairly trembled. His face was pale with rage, but he dared not reply as he would. Recovering himself, and seeing an odorous name in the future, he attempted apology and reparation for the insult and complete reconciliation. "Oh! come in, come in! I'll have something cooked for you. Sorry the mistake occurred! All right! all right, boys, come in!"—pulling and patting at the "boys." But the boys wouldn't "go in." On the contrary they staid out persistently, and, before they left that gate, heaped on its owner all the contempt, disdain and scorn which they could express; flung at him all the derisive epithets which four years in the army places at a man's disposal; pooh poohed! at his hypocritical regrets, and shaking off the dust of that place from their feet, pushed on to the city, the smoke of which rose to heaven.

At 11 A. M. of the same day two footsore, despondent and penniless men stood facing the ruins of the home of a comrade who had sent a message to his mother: "Tell mother I am coming." The ruins yet smoked. A relative of the lady whose home was in ashes and whose son said "I am coming" stood by the survivors. "Well, then," he said, "it must be true that General Lee has surrendered." The solemnity of the remark, coupled with the certainty in the minds of the survivors, was almost amusing. The "relative" pointed out the temporary residence of the "mother" and thither the survivors wended their way.

A knock at the door startled the mother, and with agony in her eyes she appeared at the opened door exclaiming, "My poor boys!"—"are safe and coming home," said the survivors. "Thank God!" said the mother, and the tears flowed down her cheeks.

A rapid walk through ruined and smoking streets, some narrow escapes from negro soldiers on police duty, the satisfaction of seeing two of the "boys in blue" hung up by their thumbs for pillaging, a few handshakings, and the survivors found their way to the house of a relative, where they did eat bread with thanks.

A friend informed the survivors that day that farm hands were needed all around the city. They made a note of that and the name of one farmer. Saturday night the old blankets were spread on the parlor floor. Sunday morning, the 16th of April, they bid farewell to the household and started for the farmer's house.

As they were about to start away, the head of the family took from his pocket a handfull of odd silver pieces, and extending it to his guests, told them it was all he had, but they were *welcome to half of it!* Remembering that he had a wife and three or four children to feed, the soldiers smiled through *their* tears at his, bade him keep it all and "weep for himself rather than for them." So saying, they departed, and at sundown were at the farmer's house, fourteen miles away. Monday morning, the 17th, they "beat their swords" (muskets in this case) into plow-shares and did the first day's work of the *sixty* which the simple farmer secured at a cost to himself of about *half rations* for two men. Behold the gratitude of a people! Where grow now the shrubs which of old bore leaves and twigs for garlands? The brave live! are the fair dead? Shall time or calamity, downfall or ruin annihilate sacrifice or hatch an ingrate-brood?

Who Burned Columbia?—A Review of General Sherman's Version of the Affair.

By Colonel JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON.

The publication of his "Memoirs" by General Sherman makes for the third time an occasion for the country to ask, Who burned Columbia? The first occasion was the publication of his official report just after the event; and the second was in September, 1873, when he published a letter in the *Washington Chronicle*, apparently designed to influence the decision of the Mixed Claims Commission.

In his "Memoirs" just published General Sherman uses this language concerning the burning of the capital of South Carolina: "Many of the people think this fire was deliberately planned and executed. This is not true. It was accidental, and in my judgment began from the cotton which General Hampton's men had set fire to on leaving the city (whether by his order or not is not material), which fire was partially subdued early in the day; but when night came the high wind fanned it again into full blaze, carried it against the frame buildings, which caught like tinder, and soon spread beyond our control."

In his letter to the *Washington Chronicle* in 1873 General Sherman says: "I reiterate that, no matter what his (General Hampton's)

orders were, the men of his army, either his rear guard or his stragglers, did apply the fire, and that this was a sufficient cause for all else that followed." By "all else," of course, General Sherman means the destruction of the city.

In his official report of the event itself in 1865 General Sherman says: "And without hesitation I charge General Wade Hampton with having burned his own city of Columbia, not with a malicious intent, or as the manifestation of a Roman stoicism, but from folly and want of sense in filling it with lint, cotton and tinder."

I have thus given in his own words General Sherman's three statements of his version of the story of Columbia's burning. They show a toning down as we come on from 1865 to 1873, and finally to 1875; but this discrepancy is not the matter before me just now. The general idea of the three statements is that the burning of Columbia was an accident, and that General Hampton is responsible for it. I propose to show that the burning of Columbia was a crime, and that General Sherman is responsible for it.

First. On page 287 of volume first of the "Supplemental Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War," published officially by the Government, are these words in a dispatch dated December 18, 1864, from Major-General H. W. Halleck, in Washington, to General Sherman, then in Savannah: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by *some* accident the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession." The italicising of the word *some* is done by General Halleck. Are not the animus and intention of these words perfectly clear? That they were understood and cordially concurred in by the officer to whom they were addressed is apparent from General Sherman's reply to them, which, dated December 24, 1864, contains these words: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them naturally into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her. * * * I look upon Columbia as quite as bad as Charleston." (Page 291.) It will be observed here that General Sherman distinctly approves General Halleck's suggestion that

Charleston should be utterly desolated; that he regards Columbia as equally deserving that fate; that he foresees that if the Fifteenth (Howard's) corps should get a chance they would destroy the city; that he promises that this Fifteenth corps shall have the first chance at destroying the city; that he knows that his whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon the city; and subsequent events bear out every one of these points.

He marched the Fifteenth corps into Columbia on the 17th of February, and the city was destroyed that night. General Hampton evacuated the city about 9 o'clock Friday, the 17th; General Sherman took possession before 10 o'clock; and the fires that destroyed the city began between 8 and 9 o'clock that evening—more than ten hours after the city was in General Sherman's hands.

Second. In his cross-examination before the Mixed Claims Commission (in November or December, 1872)—that portion conducted by George Rivers Walker—General Sherman stated that in Columbia soldiers not on duty and of the Fifteenth corps were allowed to disperse about the city; that his men were thoroughly under control, well disciplined, and that the long roll would at any time have summoned them to their ranks; that he feared they would burn the city, and that he would not restrain them to their ranks to save every city in South Carolina. I have not the text of this examination now before me, but am satisfied as to the correctness of this summary; and if it is incorrect it can easily be disproven, as it can be verified if correct.

Third. General O. O. Howard, while in Columbia in 1867, in a conversation with General Hampton, held in the office of Governor James L. Orr, several other witnesses being present, said that General Sherman knew perfectly well that General Hampton did not burn Columbia; that no one was authorized to say that "our troops did not set fire to it, for I saw them do it myself." Governor Orr testified concerning that conversation to this effect: "General Howard said in substance that the city was burned by United States troops; that he saw them fire many houses." There were several other witnesses to this conversation between Generals Howard and Hampton.

Fourth. In his official report of the event, quoted above, General Sherman goes something beyond the usual scope of a military paper in specifically charging the destruction of the city upon General Hampton. This specific charge was unfortunate for General Sherman, in that all the evidence goes to prove that the charge is

rash. Colonel Stone received the surrender of the city from Mayor Goodwyn as early in the day as 10 o'clock, and took immediate possession of it, the Confederate troops having been withdrawn before the surrender; and—note the importance of the connection—the conflagration that destroyed the city began after dark, say after 8 o'clock (Colonel Stone himself says about 9 o'clock). That is to say, the Federal troops had possession of Columbia fully ten hours previous to the fires that destroyed it; and during this time General Hampton's command was marching northward towards or beyond Winnsboro'. But further upon this point Colonel Kennedy, of the Seventeenth corps, one of the "skirmish" line that entered the city ahead of Colonel Stone's command, and one of General Sherman's pet witnesses before the Mixed Claims Commission, says in testimony: "I cannot for my life see how Wade Hampton and Beauregard are so positive that Sherman's soldiers first set fire to the cotton, for not one was near it when the fire first started, and certainly neither Hampton nor Beauregard were within gunshot of either the cotton or the State-House." This was before 9 o'clock that morning. This glib witness, in proving the distance of the Confederates at the time the cotton was fired, proves rather too much for his General, who is trying to prove that these same Confederates did fire that cotton. Of the fire itself, that which destroyed the city, Colonel Stone, after stating that the time was "about 9 o'clock," says: "All at once fifteen or twenty flames, from as many different places along the river, shot up, and in ten minutes the fate of Columbia was settled." Colonel Stone, it will be remembered, is the officer who, as the official representative of General Sherman, received from Mayor Goodwyn the surrender of Columbia.

Fifth. General Sherman did not submit before the Mixed Claims Commission the testimony of Colonel Stone, who was sent by himself into Columbia about two hours earlier than he (General Sherman) and his main witnesses arrived there. For not submitting this important testimony General Sherman offers the frivolous pretext of not knowing Colonel Stone's address.

Sixth. Adjutant S. H. M. Byers, in a pamphlet entitled "What I Saw in Dixie; or, Sixteen Months in Rebel Prison," says: "The boys, too, were spreading the conflagration by firing the city in a hundred places." The "boys" seem to have done that night exactly as General Sherman told General Halleck they generally did, that is, "do their work up pretty well;" for no one should complain of a hundred separate applications of the incendiary torch as not being "pretty well" in its way.

Seventh. Mr. Whitelaw Reid's "Ohio in the War" says of this destruction of Columbia: "It was the most monstrous barbarity of the barbarous march." This opinion bears upon the character of the act, not upon the question of who did it.

Eighth. Before the Mixed Claims Commission scores of witnesses testified to the fact that the soldiers of Sherman's army set fire to the city in hundreds of places; that they carried about torches, kerosene or petroleum balls, and buckets of the inflammable fluid, lighting fires wherever the wind would not carry the flames fast enough; that this was done often in the presence of their officers, who made no attempt to check or to punish them; and that—as above shown in Sherman's letter to Halleck—General Sherman selected his guards from a corps notorious for their violent and destroying habits, and that, with opportunities furnished by the commanding General himself, these men plundered, burned and robbed in the presence of their officers, and all this with the previous, present and perfect knowledge of General Sherman himself.

Ninth. Mr. William Beverly Nash, a negro, then resident in Columbia, now a State Senator of South Carolina, who was a delegate to the Philadelphia Republican Convention that nominated President Grant in 1872, has made affidavit to the effect that the Federal troops burned Columbia and that General Hampton had nothing to do with it. This is an eye witness of a race and of a party not likely to stretch a point in General Hampton's favor.

Tenth. Dr. T. J. Goodwyn, the Mayor of Columbia, who surrendered the city to Colonel Stone, in his affidavit testifies that with a number of leading citizens he called upon General Sherman two days after the fire; that in the course of conversation about the burning of the city, General Sherman said that he thought his troops burned the city, but excused them because, as he alleged, the citizens had given them liquor. Generals Howard and Blair and other Federal officers were present at this conversation. It is manifest that General Sherman afterwards forgot about this liquor matter when he talked before the Claims Commission, seven years later, about the discipline of his soldiers and the long-roll's power to bring every man to his ranks at any moment.

Eleventh. Colonel Stone, who received the city in surrender, two hours before General Sherman entered it, in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, says: "The streets in some instances contained bales of cotton which had been cut open, and these caught fire twice or three times during the day; but these fires had been promptly put

out by some of the firemen of the city, aided by a detail of soldiers under charge of an officer. * * * I now (later in the day) had intimation that the Union officers released by us from the city prisons had formed a society, to which had been added many members from our soldiers and the negroes, the object of which society was to burn Columbia." This movement is mentioned, not to account for the burning, but to show the feeling in the army—a feeling of which General Sherman was fully aware before he furnished that opportunity for its wreaking.

Twelfth. The following towns and villages in South Carolina, in some of which at least there was no cotton in the streets, were burned either in whole or in part during the same campaign: Robertsville, Grahamville, McPhersonville, Barnwell, Blackville, Orangeburg, Lexington, Winnsboro', Camden, Lancaster, Chesterfield, Cheraw and Darlington.

Thirteenth. General Beauregard, and not General Hampton, was the highest military authority in Columbia at that time. General Hampton was assigned to duty at Columbia on the night of the 16th, Thursday; and the order issued about the cotton came from General Beauregard at the request of General Hampton (through the latter, of course); and that order signed by Captain Rawlins Lowndes, Assistant Adjutant-General, was that the cotton be not burned. Captain Lowndes in his affidavit, submitted in evidence before the Mixed Claims Commission, after explaining that General Hampton, after conference with General Beauregard, had directed him (Captain Lowndes) to issue an order that no cotton should be fired, adds: "This I did at once, and when I left Columbia, which I did after the entrance of the Federal troops, not one bale of cotton was burned, nor had any been fired by our troops. At the time I was acting as Assistant A. A. G. for General Hampton." This order not to burn the cotton is not important as showing the origin of the fire, because it hardly touches that question directly at all; but it is important in its bearing upon the veracity of General Sherman, who in his official report (1865) said that General Hampton "ordered that all cotton, public and private, should be moved into the streets and fired." The existence of that order—not to burn the cotton—and the testimony of General Beauregard, General Hampton and Captain Lowndes may be accepted as settling that one point.

Fourteenth. General Sherman, in his report to the Committee on the Conduct of the War (page 6 of Part 1 of the Sup-

plemental Report), says: "I hereto subjoin complete details;" but from these details, called complete, the General has omitted all his correspondence between the 16th and the 21st of February—the period covering the destruction of Columbia. Both before and after this event the correspondence submitted is frequent and altogether voluminous, but in these five days not a word is given there. Why are these letters withheld, and where are they?

Such is a brief outline of the case Columbia has against General Sherman. The points above given are not the whole evidence in the case, but merely illustrative items, the great body of proof lying beyond the limits of a paper like this. The Mixed Claims Commission has "settled" one point—shall the United States pay for the property destroyed in Columbia?—in the negative. Let that remain settled. Columbia has another case already in action before the great assize of history. The court are the historians who are to sum up the evidence, and the jury is the civilized world. Before that assize she is preparing the evidence. Her points are sharply defined ones, and she makes them without indirectness or chicanery. A local committee of citizens of Columbia, with Chancellor Carroll, a jurist of ability and purity of character, at its head, has been already several years collecting testimony upon the burning of that city in 1865, and the evidence thus put in legal form will probably have some influence in shaping the opinion of the civilized world.

Columbia expects to make, among probably others, the following points, and she will rely in the strongest of them upon General Sherman's testimony or that of his own witnesses: first, that General Sherman desired the destruction of Columbia; second, that General Sherman knew that his soldiers desired the same thing; third, that General Sherman believed that if the Fifteenth army corps were quartered in that city they would destroy it; fourth, that General Sherman, thus desiring, thus knowing and thus believing, did quarter the Fifteenth corps in Columbia; fifth, that the Federal forces, under Colonel Stone, of the Fifteenth corps, received the city in surrender from Mayor Goodwyn, and took military possession of it about 10 o'clock Friday morning, the 17th of February, 1865; sixth, that the body of the Fifteenth corps entered the city an hour or two later than the command of Colonel Stone; seventh, that the conflagration which destroyed the city began about 8 o'clock in the evening—ten hours subsequent to the occupation; eighth, that the conflagration began in several places by

concert, of which notice was given with signal rockets; ninth, that Federal soldiers in large numbers aided in spreading the conflagration by brand, match and torch; tenth, that as to the cotton, General Beauregard on the 14th ordered Major Greene, commandant of the post, to have the cotton moved out of the warehouses to a place or places where it could be burned, if it should become necessary to burn it, without endangering the city, and that Major Greene, having no available transportation, placed the cotton in the broadest of the streets, as the best he could do under the circumstances; eleventh, that on the 16th, when General Hampton was assigned to duty at Columbus, he urged General Beauregard, his superior officer, to order that the cotton be not burned, that General Beauregard so ordered and that the order was issued by Captain Lowndes, Assistant Adjutant-General, from General Hampton's headquarters; twelfth, that all the fires that arose from the burning cotton during the day (Friday), in whatever way caused, were extinguished by the local fire companies, assisted by the citizens and Federal soldiers; thirteenth, that several citizens of Columbia, during the day (Friday) were warned by officers and soldiers of Sherman's army of the impending conflagration of the city to take place that night; fourteenth, that the conflagration did take place that night, announced by signals and beginning at several places to the windward of the heart of the city; fifteenth, that numerous Federal officers witnessed the active agency of the soldiers in spreading the conflagration without taking timely steps to prevent the same; and, sixteenth, that in fine, General Sherman is morally responsible for the burning of Columbia.

JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1875.

Notes on the Final Campaign of April, 1865.

By General H. L. BENNING.

After I rejoined the brigade in November, 1864, nothing of importance was done by it until the 2d of April, 1865. On that day, at about 11 A. M., I reached Petersburg with two regiments, the Second and Twentieth, by the train from Richmond. The other two—Seventeenth and Fifteenth—and the rest of Field's division were detained by an accident to the train, and did not arrive till late in the day. Colonel Fairfax received me, and conducted me and the two regiments through Petersburg to General Longstreet, who was beyond the creek at General Lee's headquarters on Cox's road; this I think is the name of the road. When near the headquarters, General Longstreet met us, and ordered me to advance on the left of the road and take position on the high ground about a half mile in front, and hold it as long as I could safely, making as much display of force as possible; and that when I fell back, if I should have to do so, to fall back from position to position slowly. The desperate state of things was visible to every eye. Not an infantry soldier of ours was to be seen. Fort Gregg was the nearest point on our line still held by us, and the attack on it had commenced. There was a battery, but the horses were so weak that they could not pull the guns into position until the enemy were prepared to drive it away from the position. The enemy's line was in the edge of the woods, some mile beyond General Lee's headquarters, with batteries near; nothing between.

We went to the position indicated, which was about six or eight hundred yards from the enemy's line in the woods, with open, level ground between. They soon opened fire on us from a number of guns. The fire was at first rather wild, but it soon improved; and as the batteries were too far off for our arms, we dropped back a short distance and took up a less exposed position. The batteries made a corresponding change, and when their fire again became good, we fell back a second time and took a safer position. They again found a position from which they commanded us; we again moved back and got a position which afforded considerable protection to most of our line. Here we remained for a good while under the artillery fire. We had ourselves never fired a gun. The fire towards Fort Gregg ceased. I ran up a long hill and found that the fort had fallen, and at the same time that the enemy's

infantry were advancing. Returning, I ordered the two regiments to a new position. Here I soon received an order from General Longstreet to take the Twentieth back across the creek and occupy some incomplete works that had been thrown up recently, leaving the Second to skirmish with the enemy and retard his advance as long as possible. This order was executed. The Second deployed as skirmishers and kept the enemy's skirmishers in check for a long time, falling back slowly until they came to the hill next the creek. There they stopped and held the position all day. General Longstreet complimented them there on the field, as I was told.

The Twentieth crossed the creek and entered the works, where they received the fire of the enemy's artillery for some time. His advancing infantry began to show itself in long lines on the opposite side of the creek; but about this time, say 4 P. M., the other troops of Field's division were arriving and getting into position on my right and left and entrenching themselves. The enemy's infantry seeing this, halted; nor did it advance afterwards. A retreat for the army was secured.

The Second Georgia was commanded by Captain Thomas Chaffin; the Twentieth, by Captain Little. The number of officers and men in the former was about one hundred; in the latter, about one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty. What was the loss was never reported to me, but it was not large. Both officers and men evinced a perfect appreciation of the situation and of the object to be accomplished, and executed every movement with promptitude, order and decision. We were the last to leave the line on the retreat—leaving it about midnight. All was done under the immediate eye of General Longstreet, who rode "the colt" everywhere, frequently in front of the line, up and down, with grand unconcern. I never saw anything like it in the war; it was the talk of all.

Field's division in the retreat was some times in the front, some times in the rear. At Farmville it had a sharp affair with the enemy, in which Anderson's brigade made several hundred prisoners. Benning's brigade was not actively engaged. The affair was quite a success.

At Appomattox Courthouse the division was in the rear, with the enemy close up. Its organization was perfect, and it was not at all demoralized. I saw many men with tears streaming from their eyes when it was known that Lee had surrendered. They gathered in groups and debated the question whether we should

not cut our way out and escape. Most of them were in favor of the attempt. They only waited for a word from me; but I would not give it. On the contrary, I urged them to acquiesce.

I do not remember the number we surrendered. It was between six hundred and seven hundred, men and officers. I do, however, well remember one thing—that not more than four men had been lost as stragglers during the trying march from Petersburg; and I can say almost, if not quite as much for every brigade in the division.

I never made any official report of these events.

The North Carolina Battalion at Averasboro'—Letter from General Taliaferro.

RICHMOND, February 27th, 1879.

Dr. J. WILLIAM JONES, *Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

My Dear Sir—It is but an act of justice that I should state that the communication of Captain Graham Daves in the March number of the *Society Papers*, meets my cordial approval, and that as far as I can I adopt it as a true and proper addendum to my report of the conflict at Averasboro'.

The efficiency and bravery of the North Carolina battalion in that action has been repeatedly mentioned by me since the war, and I have often regretted that I could not recall the name of its commander, whose gallantry was conspicuous and the subject of commendation by myself and others. I cannot remember now what reports were sent in to me by subordinate commanders—if in fact any were made—and thus, as I state in the report, the names of many deserving special notice were unhappily omitted. I do remember well, however, that I spoke to General Hardee of the gallant service of Captain (supposed to be Major) DeRosset, the officer in command of the North Carolina battalion, and that I designed to mention him particularly; and I think it not unlikely that I hastily wrote Georgia battalion for North Carolina battalion, and meant to fill the blank with the name of the North Carolina commander, supposed to be a Major, when I could have it reported to me. No troops are mentioned in the report by States or regiments, and therefore no special reference could be made to those from North Carolina.

I will add to this that the name of the Sergeant of artillery mentioned is Guibert, and the battery was that of Captain Le Gardeur, from New Orleans.

Respectfully and truly yours,

WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO.

Report of Major-General Heth of the Affair at Falling Waters.

HEADQUARTERS HETH'S DIVISION,
NEAR RAPIDAN STATION, October 3d, 1863. *

Captain W. N. STARKE, *Assistant Adjutant-General, Third Army Corps :*

Captain—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command (Heth's and Pender's divisions) at Falling Waters, July 14th, 1863.

On the evening of the 13th July, I received orders to withdraw my command at dark from the entrenchments near Hagerstown and move in the direction of Falling Waters, at which point we were to cross the river on a pontoon bridge already constructed.

The artillery attached to my command received its orders through its immediate commander, and moved off a little before dark. I was directed to leave the skirmishers in my front, and was informed that they would be relieved during the night by the cavalry. The officers in charge of the skirmishers were directed, as soon as relieved, to take the road followed by the division.

The night was entirely dark, and the roads in a dreadful condition—the entire distance between our breastworks and Falling Waters being ankle deep in mud. The progress of the command was necessarily very slow and tedious, halting every few minutes to allow the wagons and artillery in our front to pass on. The division was twelve hours accomplishing seven miles; once halting for two hours.

On reaching an elevated and commanding ridge of hills one mile and a half—possibly a little less—from Falling Waters, I was ordered by Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill to put my division in line of battle on either side of the road and extending along the crest of this hill, facing towards Hagerstown. On the left of the road and on the crest of this hill our engineers had thrown up some half dozen epaulements for artillery, the spaces between the epaulements being open. In our front was an open space, with the view unobstructed for half to three-quarters of a mile; then came a heavy piece of timber, some three-fourths of a mile in width.

I was directed, at the same time that I received the order to place my division in line of battle, as described, to put Pender's division in rear of my own in column of brigades.

At this point we halted, to allow the wagons and artillery to get

over the river. We remained in this position awaiting their crossing for several hours. About 11 o'clock I received orders from General Hill to move Pender's division across the river, following General Anderson's division, and after leaving one brigade of my division in line, to follow up the movement of the corps as speedily as possible.

About fifteen or twenty minutes after receiving these orders and while they were in progress of execution, a small body of cavalry—numbering not more than forty or forty-five men—made their appearance in our front, where the road debouched from the woods, previously described.

I will here remark that when on the road, and some two or three miles from the position I now occupied, a large body of our cavalry passed by my command going to our rear.

When the cavalry alluded to made its appearance, it was at once observed by myself, General Pettigrew and several members of my staff, as well as many others. On emerging from the woods, the party faced about, apparently acting on the defensive. Suddenly facing my position, they galloped up the road and halted some one hundred and seventy-five yards from my line of battle. From their manœuvring, and the smallness of numbers, I concluded it was a party of our own cavalry, pursued by the enemy. In this opinion I was sustained by all present. It was not until I examined them critically with my glasses, at a distance of not more than one hundred and seventy-five yards, that I discovered they were Federal troops. The men had been restrained from firing up to this time by General Pettigrew and myself. The command was now given (orders) to fire. At the same time the Federal officer in command gave the order to charge. The squad passed the intervals separating the epaulements, and fired several shots. In less than three minutes all were killed or captured, save two or three, who are said to have escaped.

General Pettigrew received a wound in one of his hands at Gettysburg, in consequence of which he was unable to manage his horse, which reared and fell with him. It is probable, when in the act of rising from the ground, that he was struck by a pistol ball in the side (left), which, unfortunately for himself and his country, proved mortal.

A soldier of the Seventh Tennessee regiment was at the same time mortally wounded. This was the entire loss of my command from this charge. Thirty-three of the enemy's dead were counted, six prisoners fell into our hands, also a stand of colors.

Very soon after this a large body of dismounted cavalry, supported by artillery, of which I had none, made a vigorous attack on Brockenbrough's brigade, which was deployed in line of battle to the right of the road.

Brockenbrough repelled the attack, and drove the enemy back into the woods, following him up for some distance. The enemy was now heavily reinforced, and Brockenbrough was compelled to fall back. His brigade, having been badly cut up on the 1st and 3d at Gettysburg, was much reduced in numbers.

Seeing that the enemy evidently designed turning his right flank and thus cutting him off from the river, Brockenbrough deployed his brigade as skirmishers, extending well to the right. About this time the enemy appeared on my left flank in force, also in my front.

Seeing the attack was becoming serious, I ordered the several brigades of Pender's division (except Thomas', which had crossed the river) to return. I at the same time sent a message to the Lieutenant-General Commanding, requesting that artillery might be sent me, as I had none. On returning, my aid informed me that General Hill directed me to withdraw my command as speedily as possible and cross the river.

When this order was received, my line of skirmishers occupied a front of a mile and a half—the left resting on the canal, the right bending around well towards the Potomac.

The orders were that the several brigades in line should withdraw simultaneously, protecting their front by a strong line of skirmishers and converge toward the road leading to Falling Waters.

In order to cover this movement, Lane's brigade was formed in line of battle about five hundred yards in rear of the advanced line, protected by a heavy line of skirmishers. The first brigade that passed through Lane's line of battle was reformed in line of battle a quarter of a mile or more in rear of Lane's position; and so on till the command reached the south bank of the Potomac.

With the extended line of skirmishers in my front, and being compelled to fall back upon a single road, it was not surprising that in attempting to reach the road, over ravines impassible at many points, and through a thick undergrowth and wood, and over a country with which both men and officers were unacquainted, that many of them were lost and thus fell into the hands of the enemy, who pushed vigorously forward on seeing that I was retiring.

The enemy made two cavalry charges, and on each occasion I

witnessed the unhorsing of the entire party. I desire here to brand upon its perpetrator a falsehood, and correct an error.

The commander of the Federal forces—General Meade—reported to his Government, on the statement of General Kilpatrick, that he (General Kilpatrick) had captured a brigade of infantry at Falling Waters. To this General Lee replied in a note to General Cooper that no organized command had been captured.

General Meade recently wrote a note to his Government reaffirming his first statement, upon the authority of General Kilpatrick. General Kilpatrick, in order to glorify himself, has told a deliberate falsehood. He knows full well that no organized body of men were captured—not even a company was captured, nor the majority of a single company. He asserts, however, that he captured an entire brigade.

The error I wish to correct is attributing all the men captured by the enemy on the 14th as belonging to my command. I think I state correctly when I say that three out of four of the men captured by the enemy were captured between our works near Hagerstown and the point where I engaged the enemy, and were the representatives of every corps, division and brigade who passed over this road. My staff officers alone succeeded in driving from barns and houses, immediately on the roadside, several hundred stragglers, who probably never reached their commands, and these were but a small proportion of the men who straggled.

In conclusion, I will add that the brigade commanders did their duty, and the losses sustained were not attributable to any errors or short-comings of theirs, but resulted from causes beyond their control.

The rear guard of a large army, protecting its crossing over a wide river, can seldom fail to lose heavily if vigorously pursued by the enemy, especially when in the act of crossing. Under the circumstances, attacked as we were by a large and momentarily increasing force, we have every reason to be thankful that our losses were so small.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. HETH, *Major-General.*

Report of General Edward Johnson of Capture of Winchester.

HEADQUARTERS JOHNSON'S DIVISION,
August 18th, 1863.

Major A. S. PENDLETON, *Assistant Adjutant-General*:

Major—In obedience to orders, headquarters Second army corps, August 13, 1863, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my division "from the time of leaving Fredericksburg for Winchester until it crossed the Potomac."

The division left camp near Hamilton's crossing June 5th, 1863, and moved in the direction of Winchester, crossing the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap. Nothing occurred worthy of particular note during the march, which was steady and regular, the command being in good condition and excellent spirits.

At daylight of the morning of the 13th ultimo, the division left its camp at Cedarville, moving on the Winchester and Front Royal turnpike. The enemy's pickets were discovered four miles from the town about 12 M. The Second Virginia regiment, Colonel Nadenbousch commanding, was detached from the "Stonewall" brigade and deployed as skirmishers on the left of the road. This regiment advanced handsomely, driving the enemy to a stone fence near the junction of the Millwood and Front Royal roads, behind which they made a stand. After a sharp skirmish they were driven from this position.

At this juncture they advanced a battery to an eminence on the right of the road, and opened fire upon our skirmishers and the woods in the vicinity. Carpenter's battery, Lieutenant Lambie commanding, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, was put in position on the left of the road and behind a stone fence, from which it opened an accurate fire upon the enemy's battery and supporting infantry—the effect of which was to explode a limber, killing three men and a number of horses and put the enemy to precipitate flight upon the town.

The "Stonewall" and Steuart's brigades were formed in line of battle in a ravine to the right of the road, out of sight and range of the enemy's guns; J. M. Jones' and Nicholls' brigades to the left in a body of woods. Later in the day the brigades to the right of the road were advanced under cover of woods to a position nearer, the town, where they remained until the following morning.

When General Early advanced on the left, a body of the enemy's

infantry, retreating, became exposed to view, and were fired upon by two rifle guns of Carpenter's with good effect, greatly accelerating their speed. This attracted the fire from the fortifications north of the town upon the battery and such portions of the infantry as were necessarily exposed, which was maintained in a desultory manner until nightfall. The casualties in my command during the day's operations were, happily, few; two men killed and three horses disabled.

The following day—14th—was occupied in engaging the enemy's attention upon the right, while Early was putting his command in position on the left for the main attack upon the fortifications. For this purpose, the "Stonewall" brigade, Brigadier-General J. A. Walker commanding, was moved across the Millwood pike to a range of hills east of and fronting the town, and between the Millwood and Berryville pikes. Stuart's brigade was posted in the rear and within supporting distance of Walker. The Fifth Virginia regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel H. J. Williams commanding, was thrown forward as skirmishers, encountering the enemy on the crest of the hills above mentioned, and driving them to the edge of the town, from which position, sheltered by houses and fences, they kept up a brisk and continual fire upon our line, which occupied the stone fence at the western base of the hills and within easy musket range.

About 4 P. M. the enemy advanced a considerable force against the right of our line of skirmishers, compelling it to fall back and capturing ten men. Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, Fifth Virginia, who had commanded the skirmish line during the day with conspicuous gallantry, was severely wounded in this engagement. The reserve of the skirmishers was immediately ordered forward, and succeeded in driving the enemy back and recovering their former line. The only casualties during the day occurred in the Fifth Virginia, the only regiment engaged—three killed, sixteen wounded and ten missing.

About nightfall I received an order from the Lieutenant-General Commanding to move by the right flank with three of my brigades and a portion of my artillery, to a point on the Martinsburg turnpike, two and a half miles north of Winchester, with the double purpose, I suppose, of intercepting the enemy's retreat and attacking him in his fortifications from that direction. Stuart's and Nicholls' brigades, with Dement's and portions of Raines' and Carpenter's batteries, under Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, were immediately

put in motion, and Brigadier-General Walker, whose line was nearest the enemy, was ordered to follow, after having advanced his skirmishers to the town to conceal his movement and ascertain the position of the enemy. J. M. Jones' brigade and the remainder of Andrews' battalion, under Major Latimer, were left in reserve and for the purpose of preventing the enemy's escape by the road on which we had advanced.

After moving some distance on the Berryville road, I was informed by my guide that I would be obliged to cross fields, over a rough country, in order to carry out literally the directions of the Lieutenant-General; and, moreover, that near Stephenson's, five miles north of Winchester, there was a railroad cut, masked by a body of woods and not more than two hundred yards from the turnpike (along which the enemy would certainly retreat), which would afford excellent shelter for troops in case of an engagement. The night was very dark, and being satisfied that the enemy would discover the movement and probably escape if I moved to the point indicated by the Lieutenant-General, I determined to march to Stephenson's by the road which led by Jordan's Springs. Halting the head of the column at a small bridge which crosses the Winchester and Potomac railway a few hundred yards from the Martinsburg pike, I rode forward with my staff and sharpshooters to reconnoitre the position and assure myself of the whereabouts of the enemy. I had gone but a short distance when I distinctly heard the neighing of horses and sound of men moving, and in a few moments ascertained that I had opportunely struck the head of the enemy's retreating column.

Their videttes fired upon us, and I returned to my command to make the necessary dispositions for an instant attack. Along the edge of the railway cut, next to the pike, ran a stone fence, behind which I deployed the three regiments of Steuart's brigade—Tenth Virginia, First and Third North Carolina regiments—on the right, and three regiments of Nicholls' brigade, under Colonel J. M. Williams, on the left.

One piece of Dement's battery was placed upon the bridge, one piece a little to the left and rear; the remaining pieces, with sections of Raines' and Carpenter's batteries (the whole under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews) on the rising ground in rear of the position occupied by infantry. Two regiments of Nicholls' brigade were held in reserve as support to the artillery.

My dispositions were scarcely completed when the enemy, cheer-

ing, charged with his whole force—the front of my position driving in the skirmishers and delivering heavy volleys. My infantry and artillery fired with such rapidity and effect as to repulse them with considerable loss. At longer range the enemy maintained a heavy fire upon us, until convinced that nothing could be accomplished by a front attack. He detached heavy flanking parties of cavalry and infantry to the right and left, whether for the purpose of breaking our lines and effecting his escape, or driving us out of the railroad cut, is not known; still, however, keeping a vigorous attack in front. My infantry had expended all but one round of ammunition; the ordnance wagons were seven miles in rear. The situation was extremely critical, and nothing could have been more timely than the arrival of the “Stonewall” brigade. Owing to a misconception of orders, for which Brigadier-General Walker was not in the slightest degree responsible, his brigade did not leave its former position until twelve o'clock of the previous night. He was a mile from Stephenson's when the engagement began. Hurrying up his brigade, just in time to meet the flanking party to the right, he pursued them hotly through the woods, beyond the turnpike and into the woods a half mile to the right of the Carter house, where they surrendered as prisoners of war, the cavalry alone escaping. The flanking party (about 300 cavalry and 600 infantry), which moved to the left, under the immediate command of Major-General Milroy (as was ascertained afterwards from prisoners and citizens on the route of his escape), was met by two regiments of Nicholls' brigade—the Second and Tenth Louisiana. Raines' battery was faced to the left and played upon them with fine effect, whilst sections from Dement's and Carpenter's batteries were hurried down the road to intercept their retreat.

The two Louisiana regiments, above named, moved parallel with the enemy's line, a ridge intervening, until they reached a level space, when they opened a destructive fire upon them, killing a considerable number, and with the aid of the artillery scattering them in every direction. Most of them were captured by these two regiments. The person supposed to be Millroy (riding a fine white horse), with most of his cavalry, after a vigorous pursuit, unfortunately escaped. The substantial results of the engagement were from twenty-three to twenty-five hundred prisoners and about one hundred and seventy-five horses, with arms and equipment in proportion.

Steuart's brigade captured about 900 and Nicholls' brigade the

remainder, except 900 captured by the "Stonewall" brigade. Eleven stands of colors were captured, of which the "Stonewall" brigade captured six, Stuart's brigade four and the Louisiana brigade one.

For particulars as to the numbers captured, and the individual instances of gallantry, I have the honor to refer you to the accompanying reports of the brigade and regimental commanders. It will be observed that my force, until the timely arrival of the "Stonewall" brigade, did not amount to over 1,200 muskets, with a portion of Andrews' battalion, J. M. Jones' brigade, and two regiments (Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia) of Stuart's brigade and a portion of the artillery having been left in the rear on the Front Royal road. The number of prisoners considerably exceeded the whole number engaged on our side, including the "Stonewall" brigade.

Before the closing of this report, I beg leave to state that I have never seen superior artillery practice to that of Andrews' battalion, in this engagement, and especially the section under Lieutenant Contee, Dement's battery—one gun of which was placed on the bridge, above referred to, and the other a little to the left and rear. Both pieces were very much exposed during the whole action. Four successive attempts were made to carry the bridge. Two sets of cannoneers (13 of 16) were killed and disabled. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews and Lieutenant Contee, whose gallantry calls for special mention at this point, fell wounded here. Lieutenant John A. Morgan, First North Carolina regiment, and Lieutenant Randolph H. McKim, took the place of the disabled cannoneers, rendering valuable assistance and deserving special mention.

I feel much indebted to Majors B. W. Leigh, H. K. Douglas and E. L. Moore, of my staff, for their gallantry and efficiency on the field and in pursuit of the enemy; to Surgeon R. T. Coleman, for correcting a misapprehension of orders on the part of my engineer officers, thereby expediting the march of General Walker, who found me most opportunely.

The total list of casualties in the engaged division during the operations embraced in this report, amounted to fourteen killed and seventy-four wounded.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EDWARD JOHNSON, *Major-General.*

Editorial Paragraphs.

OUR THANKS are due and are hereby tendered to friends who have interested themselves in forwarding us new subscriptions or renewals on old ones. But we very much need *more work of the same sort*. There are hundreds (we believe thousands) who would subscribe to our *Papers* if their attention were only called to them; and it is surprising how many of our best subscribers allow their names to go off of our list simply because they *forget* to renew, and have no one to remind them personally of it. Now we beg our friends to help us in this matter both by getting us new subscribers and inducing old ones to renew.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL REUNION LOUISIANA DIVISION A. N. V. ASSOCIATION came off in New Orleans on the evening of February 22d, and seems to have been a very brilliant affair. We regret that we were not able to accept the kind invitation to be present. The following are the officers of the Association for the current year:

John B. Richardson, President; A. Brady, First Vice-President; W. R. Lyman, Second Vice-President; A. S. Herron, Third Vice-President; J. Moore Wilson, Fourth Vice-President; L. Prados, Fifth Vice-President; John H. Murray, Treasurer; John J. Fitzpatrick, Recording Secretary; Fred. A. Ober, Corresponding Secretary; F. L. Taney, Surgeon; Rev. D. Hubert, Chaplain; E. D. Willett, Honorary President. Executive Committee: Albert M. Levy, D. M. Kilpatrick, J. J. Cumpsten, John A. Russell, and John Charles.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION A. N. V. ASSOCIATION have happily selected as their orator at their annual reunion in October next, General Fitz. Lee. He has chosen as his subject "*Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville*," and we can promise in advance something which shall be at the same time *entertaining* to those who may hear it, and of *great value to the historian*. This Association have been very fortunate in the orators who have represented them at previous reunions, and the series of addresses embraced in the "*A. N. V. Memorial Volume*" (see advertisement) will compare favorably with any historical addresses ever delivered. But the value of the series will be greatly enhanced when the gallant Fitz. Lee shall have added the true story of Fredericksburg and of Chancellorsville.

Book Notices.

Semi-Centennial Catalogue, with Brief Biographical Sketches of the Students of the University of Virginia.

We are indebted to the publisher, Captain Joseph Van Holt Nash, late of Petersburg, Virginia, now of Atlanta, Georgia, for a copy of this valuable

work. It was compiled by Professor Schele De Vere, with whom it was "a labor of love" to give to the work his untiring energy, fine literary taste and enthusiastic devotion to everything pertaining to our grand old University. He gracefully acknowledges his indebtedness to Captain Nash for valuable services in completing the catalogue.

Professor Schele gives a vivid and deeply interesting sketch of the origin and early history of the University, and especially of Mr. Jefferson's connection with it. Then follows a list of the Rectors, members of the Board of Visitors, officers of the Board and of the Faculty, and names of the Professors and Assistant Professors from the foundation of the University down to 1878. Next we have the catalogue of students during that period, with a brief biography of each one—giving date of birth, sessions spent at the University, degrees won and chief events in the after life of each. The volume contains "ten thousand names and over a hundred thousand statements of facts." Its compilation was a work of immense labor; and if errors have crept in the wonder is that they are not far more numerous and important. The *get up* of the volume, in type, paper and binding, is all that could be desired. In a word it is a volume which no alumnus of our noble old *Alma Mater* should be willing to be without, and which should at the same time find a place in every well selected library. It has a high historic value, not only in showing the character of the men whom the University has sent out to bless the world, but also in illustrating the statement that much the larger part of the intelligence, education and moral worth of the South entered the Confederate army. The book can be had of Captain Joseph Van Holt Nash, of Atlanta, Georgia.

The Southern Review for January, 1879, has been laid on our table by the new editor and proprietor, C. J. Griffith, Esq., Richmond, Virginia, by whom this quarterly will be hereafter published. Under the able management of Dr. A. T. Bledsoe and his accomplished daughter, Mrs. S. Bledsoe Herrick, the *Review* won a wide reputation, which has not suffered during the period since Dr. Bledsoe's death, when it has been under the management of Mrs. Herrick, who, during her father's life, was accustomed to contribute to the *Review* articles so original in conception, so able in argument, so full of learning and so fresh and vigorous in style that they were attributed to Dr. Bledsoe himself.

If the present number is a fair specimen of what we may expect of the *Review* under its new management, then we predict for it an even wider reputation—not for ability, for *that* were scarcely possible, but for variety, popular interest and real value as an exponent of Southern thought and Southern literature. We regret that our limited space will allow us little more than a bare mention of the table of contents of this number:

In "*Southern Poetry—A Sketch*," Rev. H. Melville Jackson gives a very pleasing and, in the main, judicious statement of the claims of Southern poets, together with some well selected illustrations of their style.

Rev. Dr. W. P. Harrison gives an interesting sketch of the rise, progress and extension of the "*Southern Methodist Church*."

Professor George Frederick Holmes treats "*The Eastern Question and the Berlin Treaty*" with the fulness and ability which characterize the productions of the distinguished author.

"*Frances Hodgson Burnett and her Novels*" is an article from the graceful pen of Mrs. Herrick, and in her happiest vein, and will make the readers of the *Review* rejoice to know that she is still to be a regular contributor.

Hon. William M. Burwell, of New Orleans, contributes an interesting and valuable paper "*On Yellow Fever*."

General B. T. Johnston's article on "*The Civil Rights Bill and the Enforcement Act*" is a very able and timely discussion of the questions involved, and a very strong putting of certain fundamental principles of our Government which seem to have grown obsolete in these days of "Reconstruction" (so-called).

The other articles—"Commercial Future of the United States," by W. P. H.; "*Birds in Song and the Songs of Birds*," by Miss K. M. Rowland; "*Dr. William E. Munsey*," by Rev. E. E. Hoss; "*Charlotte Cushman*," by Mrs. James Gittings, and "*Gold Interests of Virginia and the South*," by John Tyler—seem all to be cleverly done, while "Table Talk" and "Book Notices," by the editor, clearly indicate that these departments of the *Review* will be fresh, sprightly and readable. On the whole, we cordially commend the *Review* as worthy of a wide circulation.

The Annals of the War. By Principal Participants North and South.

We are indebted to the publishers (*Philadelphia Weekly Times*) for a copy of this volume of 800 pages, which is made up of papers which were originally published in the *Weekly Times*, which we had read with interest, and which we are glad to be able to have in so convenient a form. In paper, type and binding, it is a beautiful specimen of the book-makers' art; and if the engravings strike an old soldier as pictures of the artist's fancy rather than of anything which ever really occurred, it is fair to say that they will probably please the average reader. The papers themselves, written by actors on both sides of the great struggle, are many of them of deep interest, and some of them of great historic value. The Confederate sketches in the volume are the following:

A Campaign with Sharpshooters, by Captain John D. Young; A Ruse of War, by Captain John Scott; Confederate Negro Enlistments, by Edward Spencer; Fire, Sword and the Halberd, by General J. D. Imboden; Flight and Capture of Jefferson Davis, by J. H. Reagan; General Stuart in Camp and Field, by Colonel J. E. Cooke; Lee and Grant in the Wilderness, by General C. M. Wilcox; Lee in Pennsylvania, by General James Longstreet; Lee's West Virginia Campaign, by General A. L. Long; Morgan's Indiana and Ohio Raid, by General Basil W. Duke; Mr. Lincoln and the Force Bill, by Hon. A. R. Boteler; Stonewall Jackson and his Men, by Major H. Kyd Douglas; Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign, by Colonel William Allan; The Battle of Fleetwood, by Major H. B. McClellan; The Black Horse Cavalry, by Colonel John Scott; The Burning of Chambersburg, by General John McCausland; The Campaign in Pennsylvania, by Colonel W. H. Taylor; The Career of General A. P. Hill, by Hon. William E. Cameron; The Dalton-Atlanta Operations, by General Joseph E. Johnston; The Exchange of Prisoners, by Judge Robert Ould; The Last Confederate Surrender, by

Lieutenant-General R. Taylor; The Mistakes of Gettysburg, by General James Longstreet; The Morale of General Lee's Army, by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D.; Torpedo Service in Charleston Harbor, by General Beauregard; Van Dorn, the Hero of Mississippi, by Major-General D. H. Maury; Vicksburg During the Siege, by Edward S. Gregory.

The list of Federal contributions is as follows:

Characteristics of the Army, by H. V. Redfield; Death of General John H. Morgan, by H. V. Redfield; General Meade at Gettysburg, by Colonel James C. Biddle; General Reynolds' Last Battle, by Major Joseph G. Rosengarten; Gregg's Cavalry at Gettysburg, by Major J. E. Carpenter; How Jefferson Davis was Overtaken, by Major-General Wilson; Morgan's Indiana and Ohio Raid, by Colonel J. E. McGowan; On the Field of Fredericksburg, by Hon. D. Watson Rowe; Recollections of General Reynolds, by General T. F. McCoy; Some Recollections of Grant, by S. H. M. Byers; The Baltimore Riots, by Frederic Emory; The Battle of Beverly Ford, by Colonel F. C. Newhall; The Battle of Shiloh, by Colonel Wills De Has; The Campaign of Gettysburg, by Major-General Alfred Pleasonton; The Capture of Mason and Slidell, by R. M. Hunter; The Draft Riots in New York, by Major T. P. McElrath; The Famous Fight at Cedar Creek, by General A. B. Nettleton; The First Attack on Fort Fisher, by Benson J. Lossing, LL. D.; The First Cavalry, by Captain James A. Stevenson; The First Great Crime of the War, by Major-General W. B. Franklin; The First Iron-Clad Monitor, by Hon. Gideon Welles; The First Shot Against the Flag, by Major-General S. W. Crawford; The "Old Capitol" Prison, by Colonel N. T. Colby; The Right Flank at Gettysburg, by Colonel William Brooke-Rawle; The Siege of Morris Island, by General W. W. H. Davis; The Union Cavalry at Gettysburg, by Major-General D. McM. Gregg; The Union Men of Maryland, by Hon. W. H. Purnell, LL. D.; The War's Carnival of Fraud, by Colonel Henry S. Olcott; Union View of Exchange of Prisoners, by General K. S. Northcott; War as a Popular Educator, by John A. Wright.

On the whole, it is a book worthy of a place in our libraries, and we hope that our friend Dr. George W. Bagby, the agent for Virginia, will meet with great success in selling it.

There are criticisms on some of the articles which we reserve for future review; but we must now express our regret that the compilers of the volume have put in General Wilson's miserable slander of President Davis, which, when first published, displayed gross ignorance, which has grown into something worse when persisted in after its complete refutation, both in the *Times* and in our *Papers*.